

needles, but all ought to be six inches on each side, so they will all fit.

Do keep working; we need more squares yet. I know it's helping to make our Christmas happier.

Lovingly,  
Helen Argyle.

#### KNITTING FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Dear Presbyterian:—I am a little girl ten years old and this is my first letter to you, and I do want you to publish it. My great aunt takes the Presbyterian and I like the letters and stories in it. I will answer Grace Bigger's question: Joash was crowned king when he was seven years old. I have three sisters and one brother. Their names are, Frances, Margaret, Jim and Minnie Frazier. Minnie Frazier is only three months old. I am the oldest of them all and I was mother's only child for four years. I used to have an old cook named Charlotte and I called her Shas. I liked her very much, but she died about five years ago. Mother made me a knitting bag and I am knitting for the soldiers. My sister and I went to our Grandmother Flournoy's this summer. Mother and father and all of us go down there every Christmas. Grandmother lives in Charleston, W. Va. I am in the fifth grade at school and take piano lessons. My birthday is in June. I have a St. Bernard dog named Belle and her birthday is on Christmas. I have a little chicken named Lucy. She is about half grown and I want her to grow up so she will have little chickens. I must stop now as my letter is getting too long.

Your little friend,  
Jane Stuart Preston.

Lewisburg, W. Va.

Dear Jane: We enjoyed your interesting letter so much. Isn't it fine to know that we can help keep the soldiers comfortable by our knitting? I wonder how many of our girls are knitting? I am.

H. A.

#### AN ANSWER.

Dear Presbyterian:—I am a little girl twelve years old, and in the sixth grade at Lincoln school, and am in the Junior Department. Mrs. R. D. Ray is my teacher, and Rev. Samuel Glasgow is my pastor. I have recited the Shorter Catechism and received my Bible. I have eight brothers and sisters. My father takes your paper, and I enjoy reading the children's sermon, and the letters. I will close, answering Andrew Spencer Tomb's question: Sampson is the man who slew a thousand.

Your unknown friend,  
Charleston, W. Va. Goldie Richardson.

Dear Goldie: Thank you for your letter. We are all glad to know of another who has recited the Catechism. Why don't you ask a question?

H. A.

#### GOOD S. S. RECORD.

Dear Presbyterian:—Mother stills takes your nice paper, and I still read the children's letters and enjoy them so much. This is my first letter and I hope to see it in print to surprise my grandmother and my father. I am eight years old and I am in the third grade at school. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday and have never missed any Sundays in my life, and I have been going ever since I was three years old. I make the beds every morning and mother pays me.

Your little friend,  
Helen Humston Jones.

Charlottesville, Va.

Dear Helen: You have a fine Sunday-school record. I hope you will be able to keep it up for many more years.

H. A.

## Children's Sermon

### A New Page For a New Year.

By Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchison.

We all like to have a new book. After we have used it a while the old one becomes soiled, and smudged, and dog-eared, and torn. When our parents or our teachers give us a new book they tell us to be very careful of it, to keep it clean, and not to lose it.

This is the last week of the old year. The old year, like the old book, has been soiled with sins and mistakes. Next week God is going to give us all a new book, the book of a new year, and He wants us to be very careful of it.

Let us see what we can do to keep the new year from being torn and soiled.

First, we must keep our hearts pure. Sometimes you come in from play to study. When you take up your book, everywhere you touch it your hands leave a dirty, black mark. Before long your mother comes in. She looks at your book and then she tells you to go and wash your hands. You cannot keep your book clean till your hands are clean.

In the same way we must have our hearts clean if we are to keep the new page of the new year clean. So there is no better prayer for all of us to pray than that little prayer of David's, "Create within me a clean heart, O God."

Then we ought to try to put on each page something unselfish. Someone was telling of seeing a boy walking along the street one very rainy day. All at once he saw across the street a poor old woman who was trying to put up her umbrella. It was a very old umbrella and the catch would not hold. She could not make it stay up and the rain was coming down on her. The boy ran over and took some twine from his pocket and tied it up so that it would stay. That boy was watching for a chance to do something unselfish. There are chances like that that come to all of us every day.

In the mint in Philadelphia there is a room where the gold, which they make into coin, is melted. There are thousands of little particles of gold that float away in the air in that room. So every year the room is swept and they gather out of the dust nearly a hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold. This would all be lost if they were not so careful. There are hundreds of precious opportunities to help

others all around us, and they will be lost if we do not gather them up. What a splendid thing it would be if each day we could write down in the pages of this new year unselfish thoughts and deeds for others.

There were three little children in South Africa not long ago. Every morning they were accustomed to go by a certain place to school. One morning they came to the place, and they found a soldier there. The war was on; a sentinel had been put there, and no one could pass unless he could give the password. When he saw the children coming he said, "Give the password." The older child did not know what it was, but she said, "I am a little English girl." Then the soldier thought of his own little girl away off at home, and he said, "Pass on, little English girl, all is well."

We have come to the beginning of a new year. God is saying to you, "Pass on; all is well." God will be with you if you will try to keep the year clean and true.

There is a little poem that I wish you all knew by heart:

The book of the New Year is opened,  
Its pages are spotless and new,  
And so, as each leaflet is turning,  
Dear children, beware what you do.

Let never a bad thought be cherished,  
Keep the tongue from the whisper of guile;  
And see that your faces are windows,  
Through which a sweet spirit will smile.

And weave for your souls the fair garments  
Of honor and beauty and truth,  
Which will still with a beauty enfold you  
When faded the spell of your youth.

And now with the new book endeavor  
To write its white pages with care;  
Each day is a leaflet, remember,  
That is written, then turned, beware.

And if on a page you discover  
At evening a blot or a scrawl,  
Kneel quickly and ask the dear Saviour  
In mercy to cover it all.

So when the strange book shall be finished,  
And clasped by the angel so tight,  
You may feel, though the work be imperfect  
You have earnestly tried for the right.

And think, how the years are the stairway  
On which you must climb to the skies;  
And strive that your standing be higher  
As each one away from you flies.

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(1) THE FIRST EDITION WAS EXHAUSTED IN TWO WEEKS.

(2) PROMINENT EDUCATORS AND RELIGIOUS LEADERS HAVE PRAISED IT ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

Turn to page 15 to find out more about this wonderful book.